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Title: History of Yew

Author: Historian of Yew  
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## The Birth of the Council

The evergreen city of Justice always soothes our lungs with its fresh clean air. Grand Yew trees give an atmosphere of the nurturing kind. The city was based on the premise of its great ancestors, from druids who took care of the land to the great monks that held their monastery at Empath Abbey. This fine locale has always been a place of great relaxation as well as a place to delve into deep enlightenment. Its geography is highly composed of vegetation; it is said the most beautiful forests in the land are in Yew. All types of birds hum about their daily lives in the fine city, and people from all over the realm come here to catch a glimpse of the marvelous Yew trees. Yew people are simple people that are in tune with nature's beauty; and the town is haven to some of the best known rangers in the land. The history of Yew is one of much mystery, it had its trials and tribulations as any other great establishment, however what Yew manifests is the ongoing courage of pure and simple Justice.

Justice has been the building block of this

colorful city. As I face  
the glorious shrine of  
Justice and chant "beh  
beh beh", I am reminded  
of the events on which  
Yew was founded.....

I remember the day, as  
if it was yesterday, it  
was a clear and sunny  
day, the smell of wild  
lilies was abundant in the  
air. I was at the shrine  
of Justice, just  
contemplating on events  
past and present, 'tis  
was a usual place for me,  
it had always been a  
place to go for relaxation  
and meditation. Then an  
elder gentleman  
approached me, his robe  
was a shiny Emerald  
green, his hat showed  
some age, however he had  
not a wrinkle in his face.  
His long beard and  
moustache were milky  
white and his voice  
strong and wise in  
stature. He spoke with a  
deep accent, and held a  
gnarled quarterstaff with  
a head of a drake. His  
words were powerful and  
even bold.....

"Son, I see you have  
come here once again, I  
have been observing thee",  
as he pointed his skinny  
white finger at me. I was  
somewhat surprised, I had  
not heard anyone approach  
nor did I see anyone  
prior to the elderly  
fellow approaching me. I  
simply nodded, not knowing  
how to answer. He  
continued, "You must like  
'tis pavilion of Virtue,  
for thee come here  
often, would thee like to  
hear of how it was  
established". Again I was  
lost for words and simply  
nodded.

'Tis was a rainy  
summer day 27 years ago  
(19Jun98), and had  
cleared the land and all  
that was able stayed at  
home. That eve however  
was to be the first  
official Yew Council  
meeting. The purpose of  
the event was to give  
the town a birth on the  
maps for all to see. As  
all gathered for the  
historic event, some with  
anticipation of years to  
come, some with tension,  
and others with sheer  
joy. Helgi Einarsen broke  
the silence with her  
greetings to all.

Afterwards she stated  
the purpose of the  
counsel shall be two-fold.

First and foremost to  
promote Justice, and  
secondly to think of  
events to make this city  
strive for the better.  
Discussions continued on  
matter of the courts,  
and a civil court was  
proposed, one that would  
serve as a philosopher to  
provide answers to  
questions of Justice. In  
addition temporary  
officials were also  
announced, thus Helgi  
Einarsen became the first  
mayor of Yew, Xxy  
Sylvr-Dragon the Chief  
Justice, Gargish Dragon  
as secretary, and Lord  
Vraal, the first Yew  
Militia Captain. However  
the whole meeting did not  
go so smoothly, at the  
middle of the meeting,  
they were rudely  
interrupted by the  
redcoats!"  
"Redcoats?", I exclaimed.

"Aye, redcoats, red as  
the blood of ye and I,

these ruffians were  
nothing but trouble, so  
you see Yew had to deal  
with adversity since the  
beginning," as he let out  
a great big roaring  
laughter. "These fiends  
were mocking the true  
virtues and were speaking  
of much nonsense, they  
were in inner ecstasy  
with oblivion and entropy!  
There is more, they  
smelled like vile and spoke  
in rhymes, they were  
truly ludicrous, they were  
Xoth-Tu'rilthiir and  
Mesostopheles of the  
nefarious OES, Order of  
the Ebon Skull!"  
Just as I was to ask  
what business they sought  
and why, the old man  
disappeared just the way  
he appeared. 'tis had me  
agashed once more, and  
left me pondering upon  
more, why tell me, why  
let me know of history  
of such galore.....  
Herald of Spirituality  
Historian of Yew  
Philosopher of Order of  
Silver Serpents  
-in honor jander  
-wun bel'la jander